

The White Man's Burden.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Take up the White Man's Burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captive's need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hopes to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread;
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden,
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of those ye humor
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light—
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom—
To cloke your weariness,
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden!
Have done with childish days—
The lightly-proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise:
Comes now, to search your manhood,
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers.

Of this poem there are variant interpretations. Labouchere regards it as an appeal to political ambition for "expansion." Others take it as a picture of the responsibility which belongs to the cultured races, to labor, even thanklessly, for the uncultured. The poem is copyrighted. We print by permission of the publishers.—[Eds

The Brown Man's Burden.

BY LABOUCHERE.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
To gratify your greed;
Go clear away the "niggers"
Who progress would impede;
Be very stern, for truly
'Tis useless to be mild
With new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Pile on the brown man's burden;
And if ye rouse his hate,
Meet his old-fashioned reasons
With Maxims up to date.
With shells and dum-dum bullets
A hundred times made plain
The brown man's loss must ever
Imply the white man's gain.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
Compel him to be free.
Let all your manifestoes
Reek with philanthropy.
And if, with heathen folly,
He dares your will dispute,
Then, in the name of freedom,
Don't hesitate to shoot.

Pile on the brown man's burden.
And if his cry be sore,
That surely need not irk you—
Ye've driven slaves before.
Seize on his ports and pastures,
The fields his people tread,
Go make from them your living,
And mark them with his dead.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
Nor do not deem it hard
If you should earn the rancor
Of these ye yearn to guard.
The screaming of your eagle
Will drown the victim's sob—
Go on through fire and slaughter.
There's dollars in the job.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
And through the world proclaim
That ye are freedom's agent—
There's no more paying game!
And should your own past history
Straight in your teeth be thrown,
Retort that independence
Is good for whites alone.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
With equity have done;
Weak, antiquated scruples
Their squeamish course have run,
And though 'tis freedom's banner
You're waving in the van,
Reserve for home consumption
The sacred "rights of man!"

And if by chance ye falter,
Or lag along the course,
If, as the blood flows freely,
Ye feel some slight remorse,
Hie ye to Rudyard Kipling,
Imperialism's prop,
And bid him, for your comfort,
Turn on his jingo stop.

The Christian's Burden.

BY JAS. F. DORRHO.

Take up the Christian's burden!
Lead heathen souls to God,
And tread thro' wildernesses
The paths that Moses trod.
The pilot of the people
From darkness to the light;
And lead them from the bondage
Of paganism's night.

Take up the Christian's burden!
To strive thro' patience now,
To save your "new-caught" people,
To heathen gods that bow:
Be they so fierce or sullen,
Be they so meek or wild,
Yet is each living creature
A common Father's child!

Take up the Christian's burden!
And bid wild war to cease!
Aye, "hll the mouths of famine"
With all the fruits of peace!
And in the future ages,
Their children, they shall bless,
Their "Moses," who hath led them
From out their wilderness!

Take up the Christian's burden!
Burst off the rule of Spain,
And usher in with gladness
Religion's glorious reign!
Go, enter in the harbor,
Go, tread the gloomy road,
Go, save them by your life-blood,
And seal them to your God!

Take up the Christian's burden!
The Christian's harvest reap;
The love of those ye "better,"
And tend Christ's "wayward sheep."
Aye, lead them back to heaven,
To God and liberty,
And in the years, their children
Shall render thanks to thee!

Take up the Christian's burden!
Ye could not rise to more!
Call loud on peace and freedom,
Fling wide the "open door,"
And those beneath your service,
Shall spring as from the sod!
To bless the "white man's" spirit,
And serve the "white man's" God!

Take up the Christian's burden!
Fling by the scorns and sneers!
What tho' our every laurel
Be dewed with blood and tears!
Christ wept such dlops to save us
From heaven's curse of yore!
Take up the Christian's burden!
For men need do no more.

Take up the Christian's burden!
And if some faint or fall,
Some perish in the battle,
Some sweetness turn to gall—
For every heart thus orphaned,
Thousands a Father win!
Take up the Christian's burden,
And stay the march of sin!